EVERYBODY'S BODY.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life," "John Winter: a Story of Harvests," "By Still Waters," "Not by Bread Alone," etc.

"'Why, I declare it is quite becoming!' Minnie exclaimed." *p.* 131.

CHAPTER IV.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNAL.

"MARY ANNE" took her departure in the evening, contriving in the course of a few final remarks to let Mrs. Harrison know that that lady would not be troubled to give her any "character," as she had had "enough of service," and was going home to her own people to "look about her a bit before she made a fresh start."

But Mary Anne was not without a certain honest pride, which her aggrieved young mistress had not enough experience to appreciate fully. If since the domestic split the girl had "kept her place" with stubborn sourness, utterly ignoring any little function that was not "in the bond," she had with equal tenacity stuck to the duties which she considered to be her rightful share. She left her kitchen in perfect order—the pots in readiness for use, and the dusters and dish-cloths clean and in their places. Of course, that was only as it should be; but Minnie did not know how rarely such things are as they should be, and that she owed a thanksgiving that she had not to face pandemonium and reduce it to propriety.

Minnie gave her husband his wonted supper, with more rather than less of detail. During the meal she descanted on the ease with which household work could be done, if only a little method and interest were brought into it, such as "those ignorant girls" were little likely to display.

But when the meal was over, it was tempting to sit down beside Sydney and chatter to him; so she simply set the supper-tray aside without washing up the china, and as for the utensils in which she had done her cooking, it must be owned that she utterly forgot all about them!

Even by next morning the household work seemed to Minnie to be already growing harder. The need of daily supplies of application, perseverance, and strength is kept before the mind by domestic duty more, possibly, than by any other form of human exertion. Mere "spurts" of diligence and energy will accomplish little in this field, and every little negligence or delay brings its prompt Nemesis, calculating all debts at compound interest.

Household work is so strictly in line with that of Nature that, like it, it must go on, "unhasting, unresting." Neither makes any allowance for human frailty or forgetfulness. Seed must be sown and fires lighted at the right time, or there will be no crop and no dinner. The agriculturist and the housewife stand at the root of humanity, and are the father and mother of all that is best and strongest in it. Those who know nothing of their functions are apt to despise them; those who begin to know something of them are more likely to despise themselves, by discovering their own inadequacy. It is only those who have fairly mastered these functions who can see them as they are—the most wholesome and stringent discipline of human nature.

Minnie Harrison had resolved to have one whole day to herself in her kitchen, in the hope that she might thereby be able to save herself from displaying too much ignorance and incompetency to Mrs. Ruffle. The result was that she toiled all day without getting much show for it; she did the wrong things first, and had afterwards to do them over again. She used up all the kitchen towels, so that by night none were clean. She broke a cup and a plate; she forgot to fill the bedroom ewer, and when Sydney came home he had to fetch the water for his own toilet; finally, she kept him waiting half-an-hour for his dinner. He took it all very patiently, neither giving her the "chaff" she deprecated, nor the indulgent praise which she half expected. But Minnie was disgusted with herself. She went to bed worn out, and reflecting, "It will all have to be done over again to-morrow."

And that, too, as she knew well enough, under worse conditions. It was this persistent repetition which made it so different from the little exploits on which she had hitherto prided herself—the occasional dainty supper dish, leisurely prepared, with an awed and interested servant to present clean vessels and napery, and to wash up and clear away; or the smart little achievement in millinery or upholstering, which stood complete in itself, to be admirable for months afterwards.

There was much more respect for Mary Anne already springing up in the heart of her late mistress. The serving damsel's shortcomings had been manifold, but Mrs. Harrison could understand and sympathise with them to-day, as she never could before. As she thought of how her own kitchen fire went out while she was upstairs "doing the bedroom," and how her china had suffered damage at her own hands by the rough treatment of flurry, she felt, with a little twinge of remorse, that a tithe of thoughtful help on her own part might have saved Mary Anne from many a disaster, and spared herself her present humiliation.

Truth to say, while she lay in her bed, with these reflections mingling with the sleep of utter weariness, yet broken by a nervous dread of not being up in time to take in the milk, Mary Anne, in her father's humble cottage in Epping Forest, lay wide awake after her day of unwonted idleness, and decided that her mistress had not been "altogether a bad sort." She was no longer quite assured that she had been wise in leaving "her place." She had got a scant welcome in her many-childed home, and if she had been apt to think of some of Minnie's little ways as finnicking and superfine, she was now repelled by the coarse negligence of her family's arrangements of board and bed. In short, Mary Anne and her mistress had never been so fit for mutual understanding, nor so prepared for helpful co-operation, as at this moment of separation. Alas! that it is often so, even in far deeper relationships than are likely to exist between mistress and maid, in our day; and this shows that until human nature rises to some higher level than this world knows, it needs for its discipline all those pangs of parting, both in life and death, which it finds prepared for it in this, the scene of its education.

Early next day, Mrs. Ruffle arrived—a short, fresh-complexioned old dame, with a white frilled cambric cap which fitted under her big black bonnet. She told Minnie at once that her eyesight had so failed, she could do little more than "see daylight."

"But it's wonderful what a deal one can make o' that, my dear," she said. "I think when one's soul finds that its way out o' one's eyes is getting blocked up, it just sets to work to enlarge some o' its other thoroughfares, such as its ears and its finger-tips! I can find my way to the wash-tub, as you say it's under the window, so give me the kitchen towels to wash. I can't see whether they're clean, my dear, but you'll find 'em clean—cleaner maybe than if I was sighted, for then I might ha' looked at 'em and said, 'That will pass,' but now I rubs on, till I'm quite sure they must be right. An' if you like to go off to do your bedroom now, I'll see to the fire, an' no fear of my letting it out, for if it begins to get dull, I can't see it at all, so you may be sure I'll feed it before it comes to that pass. An' if there are any bits o' carpet upstairs that want shaking, bring 'em down, and I'll do them in the garden, an' then Mrs. Compton will see I'm here!"

"My carpets are all nailed down," said Minnie; "we had the whole house covered *en suite*. It is not very large, you see."

"Well, well," answered the old dame, "everybody has a right to his own way, but I believe in floors that will wash, an' so will you, I think, by-and-by, my dear. It's all very well while things are new and nice, but everything in the world gets old and dusty, an' that's why God sends the rain, and as it can't get through our roofs—why, we must bring it indoors in a pipe or a pail. An' are you going to sweep to-day, my dear?"

"Yes," Minnie answered, wondering. "You are able to see me take up a broom, then?"

"No, my dear. I can see nothing o' you but a light shadow between me and the blessed sunshine coming through the window. But I guessed right, because I smelled tea-leaves, and heard a bowl chink. What do you use tea-leaves for, my dear?"

"Why, don't you know?" Minnie answered, triumphantly; "they are to lay the dust and gather it up. I've known that since I was a little child."

"Aye, my dear, an' it's a good plan for folks who live in towns, where there's nothing but a paved yard behind the houses, but I wondered why you chose the tea-leaves, when you've got nice fresh grass with morning dew upon it all

a-growing in your own garden. It answers every purpose o' the tea-leaves, and gives a nice fresh smell afterwards, which they don't."

"Ah, I own that," Minnie conceded, remembering the stuffy aroma of her childhood's lodging-houses. "I'll just go and get some grass; it never occurred to me to use it."

"Put something over your head while you're bending down in the sunshine, my dear," warned the old lady. "Them that's not used to any work, often get ill over it, and think it's the work that's done the harm, while it's really their own way o' setting about it. Them that has to do it always, and know they have to keep on whether they feel poorly or not, they soon learn to take care of themselves!"

"Oh, but it can't matter for once," pouted Minnie. "I haven't a garden hat. I'll buy one this evening."

"A garden hat!" cried Mrs. Ruffle. "Don't think o' such a thing! Just take one of your husband's big, white handkerchiefs, fold it shawlways, and draw it across your forehead—below your pretty hair, dear, and tie the ends behind. There, that's it!"

"Why, I declare it is quite becoming!" Minnie exclaimed, peeping at herself in a burnished dish-cover.

"O' course it is," said the old lady—"whatever is useful, is becoming—if there's a good face to start with. An' don't you take that off till you've done your sweeping. That's the true meaning o' servants' caps, my dear—they were meant for coverings to keep their nice hair bright and clean. But they forgot their meaning, and whittled 'em away till they hadn't any meaning left, an' now it's no wonder they don't care much for wearing 'em at all."

As Minnie went about some of her lighter labours she thought within herself that it might be very helpful on all sides, and an incalculable saving of waste and worry, if many households would retain among their younger servants some old dame like Mrs. Ruffle, whose wisdom and tact would enhance the value of the labours in which she might be too decrepit to join. Fancy a woman like this being relegated to a lonely attic, to sit and wonder why God kept her where she had nothing to do!

When Minnie went downstairs, she spoke her thought aloud.

Mrs. Ruffle smiled. "Ah, my dear," she said, "you'd first have to get nice girls to put up with an old woman. Others wouldn't value her for teaching them their trade (for house-work is a trade, and it takes a lifetime to master it). It's not the object of many girls to learn their trade, but to skulk their work and read penny papers, and talk to low fellows over the garden wall. But I've often thought that I could do grandly in a house where they kept two young girls, quite young, fourteen or sixteen, maybe out of an orphan school, an' as harmless an' innocent as possible—an' as ignorant, too! There's no learning common house-work in institutions nor anywheres but by doing it in real homes. An' if a girl has a home of her own, it ain't always the best place to learn in. I know mine wasn't. When there's eight children in two little rooms as my poor mother had, and little more than five-and-twenty shillings a week to feed ten mouths, there's not much cooking a-going, nor furniture polish neither. At best, there's plenty o' wash-tub. No, what I learned I got in my grandmother's cottage, where I lived for two years, taking care of her after she was paralysed. She just sat in the corner and told me what was what. An' her good word has been the only testimonial I've ever needed. For she said something in my favour to her landlord, and when she died, his wife came and engaged me as her servant, and that was the only place I ever had, for I stayed there fifteen years."

"And then got married?" asked Minnie.

"No, not exactly," said Mrs. Ruffle. "My master and mistress were never very rich people, but they lived quietly and were very well off. He outlived her only a few weeks. And when he died, they found he'd put it in his will that his woman-servant was to be paid over again all she had ever received as wages. He'd had that in his will for years, without saying a word to me, so if I'd gone off after higher wages or some other stray fancy, I might ha' done it, and never known what I'd lost. I own I had not saved out of my earnings—there had been father to bury and mother to look to, and the boys' tools to buy and the girls to help. But I'd entered service at eight pounds a year, and had had a pound up every year for fifteen years, and if you count that up you'll find it was more than two hundred pounds of legacy that was paid into my hand. And I made up my mind I wouldn't take another place."

"I suppose you felt quite above it!" Minnie laughed, lightly.

"Dear, no!" said the old lady. "But though I'd been in no other services, I'd seen and heard about a great many. And many places seemed so queer. The wages might be higher than mine, especially to begin with, and less supervision and more luxurious feeding, too. But the servants weren't treated like human beings—they were never let out into fresh air except time and again, at stated hours and regular days, and they weren't let have any visitors, be they who they might. They had to hear these rules and consent to them before they were engaged; and I would not have consented to them without meaning to obey them, though I know most did so, and then brought all sorts of people to the back door on the sly—worthless people mostly, for decent folk won't come where they know the master and mistress don't want 'em. An' I was a woman, over thirty, the eldest of a family, able to give a little help, and beginning to feel I had a right to offer advice, an' ought to be trusted a bit with my own life. So being a good clear-starcher, I got a little place of my own, and found work, and had a younger sister to live with me. An' Richard Ruffle—he'd been my master's porter, and had boarded in my kitchen—used to come along and visit us. And by-and-by we got married, and did well. I don't say we ever made money, for we didn't, but we got along, and pulled some others along, too; and after I lost my good man, the only comfort I had was to do a trifle for some orphan nieces of his, whose mother was a poor thing, and had never known what it was to work for bread. But Richard Ruffle would never let me touch my master's legacy, and so after he was gone I still kept to what he said. Said he, 'The servant o' such a good master must need nought from others in her old age; it would discredit him if she did.' And I was thankful for Richard Ruffle's wisdom when I felt my eyesight going so that I could not tell the right from the wrong side of my customers' laces, and stuck the goffering irons through the vandykes. Then there was my two hundred pounds to fall back upon; but I could not help thinking how I was only sixty, and took after my grandmother who lived to ninety-five, and where would my two hundred be if I lasted so long? Then said Mr. Pyper to me, like the clever business man he is, 'You've got to buy an 'nuity from the Gover'ment, and at your age you'll get about twenty-four pounds a year for life if you give Gover'ment your own two hundred pounds and the one hundred that is left of Ruffle's legacy—for Ruffle had not got quite so much

as me, not being so long in service, and I'd taken some of his for his funeral and his grave."

"How did you get to know Mr. Pyper?" asked Minnie.

"Why, didn't you know?" returned the old lady. "He was my master's clerk. And I may say he has been my man of business all my life; an' we poor folk, and specially widders, 'ud be worse off than we are, if there were not such kind gentlemen ready to do for us, for Christ's sake, the same sort o' service that rich people pay their lawyers for. And now that my tongue has had its run, what are you going to get ready for your husband's dinner, my dear?"

"Hot-pot," answered Minnie. It was a favourite dish with Sydney, and Mary Anne having made it well, Minnie felt she could not fail. Beef-steak, potatoes, and onions. Yes, and pepper and salt. There couldn't be anything omitted.

"Don't forget a little flour to thicken the gravy, my dear," said Mrs. Ruffle, as if Minnie had been thinking aloud. And Minnie knew that was just what she was forgetting, and she realised what a difference it would have made.

That evening, dinner was ready in good time, and Minnie was eagerly waiting for Sydney's return. When he came in sight, she flew to open the door.

"Why, do you know," she said, as she kissed him, "when you appeared on the Green it seemed to me as if you came from the other way—not from the city. Is it not funny what mistakes one may make if one does not know? I cannot understand how witnesses on trials can swear so confidently as they do about details. It is really not safe to be sure about anything."

"No, it is not safe to be too sure," Sydney echoed. Minnie caught some peculiar significance in his tone, and playfully accused him of laughing at her.

Minnie had a great deal to say about her new helper. The sense that the day's work was thoroughly in hand had put her in the best of spirits, though she was very tired. After dinner she was seized with a valiant determination to prove to the Misses Blythe that she had risen equal to the occasion, and insisted that Sydney should accompany her for a call on those ladies. They had often wished that her husband had been introduced to their "pa." Sydney was rather loth to go; of late he had been very disinclined for evening walks or visits, though on one or two occasions he had insisted on going for three or four nights running to concerts and other entertainments—an excess of dissipation which had alarmed even thoughtless Minnie. But she decided that "a little talk with another business gentleman would be just the thing for Syd"—and in the end he yielded and accompanied her.

It struck Minnie that there was something strange in their reception—a something that made one think of the first nip of frost at the end of summer. But Minnie was young and happy and self-assured, so she set it down only to some unknown incident in the Blythe household—perhaps they had interrupted the two sisters in a quarrel.

Olivia made herself agreeable to Sydney. Papa would be in presently; he was taking a turn in the garden, finishing a cigar.

"Our mother never permitted smoking in the house, after the modern fashion," observed Miss Susannah, grimly.

"Oh, I like to see a man enjoy himself," said Minnie, airily. "I have encouraged Syd to smoke."

"Men can be trusted to enjoy themselves without encouragement," declared Miss Susannah. "There are few like our neighbour Mr. Compton, who really seems to live only for his work and his family."

Minnie began to feel a little uncomfortable, and was glad when Mr. Blythe came in, jovially, with alcoholic odours mingling with that of tobacco. His appearance set Miss Olivia free to devote herself to the young wife. Minnie was assured that she was looking well—really wonderfully well, considering! Doing without a servant, with help from a half-blind woman! Well! well! we never know what we may come to, and Minnie was praised for being "so bright and brave over it." Then in a lower voice she was exhorted to take care to maintain the quality of the dinners she set before Mr. Harrison. It would never do to let the poor fellow's nourishment fail. Susannah had said to Olivia how pale he looked when they saw him only yesterday driving past a house at Richmond where they happened to be visiting. Susannah hoped Mrs. Harrison was taking good care of him.

"But you must have made a mistake," said Minnie, "it could not have been Sydney. He has not been to Richmond. Alas, he is shut up in the city all day long!"

"Well, I thought Susannah had made a mistake till I saw Mr. Harrison to-night, and he does really look somehow different from what he used. But, as you say—" and Miss Olivia was ready to concede everything.

It offended Minnie to think that some stranger's sickly physiognomy had been foisted on Sydney to the disparagement of her wifely care and devotion, and she was just about to appeal to himself to confirm her assertion that he had never been near Richmond, when her ear was caught by the conversation going on between him and Mr. Blythe.

While his daughters were talking it seemed that this gentleman had said something which had elicited a low explanatory reply from Sydney. What her husband said Minnie could not hear, but she heard Mr. Blythe's rejoinder.

"Just taking your time to look about you, of course, of course. No doubt you're glad to sever the connection. Pity you were ever in it. Old-fashioned house, with stiff, out-of-date ideas and methods. Yes, yes, could never have stood them myself. Some good in the old-fashioned ways, though. But not my style, nor yours either, I should say. No, I don't know of any openings. Openings are not too numerous now-a-days. A hundred men rush to every hole; but then they are mostly square men to round holes, not fine, adaptable fellows like you. Oh, you'll fall on your feet. And what do you think of our M.P.'s speech at the Vestry Hall last night?"

What could all this mean? Minnie turned hot and cold, and answered the Misses Blythes' observations with monosyllables, fired off wildly. When would the visit be over? She rose to go, but Sydney lingered. Alas! he knew that her torture was his respite—only too brief and ineffectual.

(*Continued on page* 145.)

A CLEVER DAUGHTER.

BY A. STUART FLETCHER.

"Mary . . . felt called upon to deliver a cousinly lecture."

THE feelings of the hen whose favourite nestling proved to be a duckling, and took to the water, have often been imagined and described. If, when launched on the new element, the precocious youngster had turned and delivered to the anxious mother a lecture on the rearing of chickens, the puzzled surprise of the old bird would have resembled in some degree the feeling with which poor Mrs. Pettigrew used to regard her youngest daughter Mary.

Five daughters she had—four of them as like herself as a mother could wish. They observed all the little proprieties, took a reasonable interest in new bonnets, would spend long, sunny afternoons in running tucks or doing fancy work to an accompaniment of mild gossip, and pass endless hours in practising pianoforte duets, which not one of them enjoyed, to be performed at evening parties.

But Mary was quite different. She had declaimed against the "ladies' seminary" to which her sisters had gone, and pleaded for a higher education. Then after five years' launch into the foreign element of Euclid and German, with other studies unknown at the seminary, she had returned home with theories about everything—able to lecture her sisters on rational dress, and her mother on scientific cookery, until the poor lady would wipe her spectacles and gaze with mild surprise at this nestling so unlike the rest of the brood.

What afflicted the household worst was Mary's intense desire to be always engaged with something "really useful." Every hour during the day was mapped out and occupied according to a carefully arranged plan—so much time for study, so much for lectures; this hour for district visiting, that for a constitutional; and nothing was allowed to interfere. All the sisters' plans for "when Mary comes home," fell through. Mamma and the girls felt their pursuits trivial, and their ways of life unworthy and insignificant in the eyes of this superior daughter.

Whether they would have conspired to rebel against this unspoken judgment, or become more and more depressed, we cannot say, for a fortunate alleviation occurred. A certain Cousin John, a young doctor, came to live in the neighbourhood, and restored the poor ladies' self-complacency. John was certainly very clever, see what degrees he had taken! Yet *he* did not lecture and impress them with his own immense superiority. He was busy, presumably, for he had come into a good practice, and kept it up; yet he could spare time for a chat, could admire the crewel work, and criticise the duets, as well as tell them something of the last new book, and what was going on in the great world. They were enthusiastic about him.

Not so Mary. Weighed by her judgment, he was sadly wanting. Did he not spend two afternoons in one week playing croquet with Lucy and Jane, and read a story to mamma on the very evening when the learned Dr. Smudge lectured in the town?

And there he was now, sitting under the elm-tree on the lawn, with his hands clasped round his knees, actually doing nothing—unless listening to the song of a thrush on the topmost bough could be called doing.

This was too much! Mary, who was on her way to a philanthropic meeting, felt called upon to deliver a cousinly lecture on the value of time. And, if you will believe it, John only smiled!

The meeting was over late that evening; it had been long, and after her busy day, and the exhausting air of the room, Mary felt tired, sleepy, and cross, in spite of herself. There was a crowd outside, and several carriages were waiting. How it happened Mary never knew; but she felt a sudden jostle, and found herself in the road, and under the hoofs of the horses of a carriage just starting. Then she lost consciousness.

Poor Mary! her accident was the theme of conversation in the gossipy little town for many a long day.

"How sad it is about Mrs. Pettigrew's youngest daughter!" Mrs. Smith would say, sipping her cup of afternoon tea at Mrs. Brown's. "Such a clever girl, my dear, and so active, but just a little self-opinionated, and apt to look down on other people, don't you think? And now she lies there like a baby, scarcely able to move, or bear a sound. How trying it must be for her, poor girl—how very trying!"

"But dear Mrs. Pettigrew and the girls are so devoted," Mrs. Brown would reply. "The doctors say no one ever had better nursing! And that clever young Dr. Forbes, her cousin, is most assiduous! What an amount of work that young man does get through, to be sure!—and he never seems to be in a hurry, or too busy to do a good turn for anyone."

Mary grew very slowly better, but it was long before the shaken nerves would bear any strain. Like a child she lay there, but like a child she began to observe and to learn. She noticed how thoroughly sweet and unselfish her sisters were, and how full of kind thought for every one, always ready to set aside their own wishes if they could give help or pleasure to others by so doing. If their lives were a little narrow, they were unselfish and Christian lives. Was her own, based chiefly on the desire for self-improvement, and too crowded to leave room for other people, higher or better? If there was a fuller, better life than theirs, had she gone the right way to teach them the fact?

As for John, she heard almost daily of his earnest, useful life, his devotion to his profession, and, above all, his constant service to the sick and helpless poor. He knew so much, too—was abreast with all the interests of the day; yet never thought himself superior, nor was he ever too engrossed with his own pursuits to spare a word of sympathy for other people's affairs.

Lying there on her couch, Mary looked for John's coming as the great event of the day. He always found some little trifle that she could do for others, or, if doing nothing were absolutely necessary, he reminded her of the power that lies in patient submission, and that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"I haven't finished my education yet, John," said Mary one day, when her sofa had been carried out under the elm on the lawn. "I find I still have a great deal to learn. Your thrush has been singing me a lesson all the afternoon."

"My thrush?" repeated John, with a puzzled air.

Mary blushed a little.

"You were listening to his spring song on the day of my accident, when I was presumptuous enough to lecture you on idleness. Well, he has sung on through the summer, and I've only just learned what he was singing. I think this was his song to-day, though I can't put it into his words: 'Life is hard often, for there are nests to build and young ones to feed, and winter comes, when there is no food. But God cares for us; His sun shines, and His sky is blue. Let us sing and help each other.' I've done no singing, John, and have crowded out all those little natural pleasures and simple human kindnesses that help to make life bright and happy."

"Ah, yes," said John, "we all need to ask for that 'heart at leisure from itself.' I often think how our Lord, when on His great life mission, had time for the children and the marriage feast."

"Yes, and He bade us consider the birds and the flowers."

So they talked, and when the time came for John to carry his cousin indoors, Mary said, with a sigh, "I'm an ignorant little thing, but I do want to learn."

That was a year ago. Mary is quite well now, and I suppose she has begun to learn; for I noticed that at her last afternoon tea Mrs. Brown spoke of her as "that clever little Mrs. Forbes, our young doctor's wife, you know. And so sweet and modest, my dear—*so* much improved since her accident."

As for Mrs. Pettigrew and her daughters, they think Mary and John two of the cleverest as well as the nicest people in the world. The ladies do not get through so much fancy work as formerly, for the young people have a way of importing flannel and calico, which reappears as garments for John's poor patients; but the duets are still kept up, and they form a great feature at Mary's Penny Readings, and John's Hospital and Workhouse Concerts, where one old woman expressed the public sentiment when she said, "La, ain't it cheerful to see them young ladies' fingers go!"

A LADY IN THE DAIRY.

BY A LADY.

II.

In my former article on dairy-work I told the reader of my success in working out the problem—how to make butter. In order to warn other beginners off the shoals and quicksands in which I occasionally sank, I will now tell of some of the *mistakes* I made. There is—call it ungenerous if you will—a certain freemasonry in misfortune, that is inexpressibly soothing to the human mind. "I am making great mistakes, but Mrs. So-and-so (who took the prize in that very subject afterwards) made just as many when she was learning." Is not that a comforting thought to all beginners?

Well, one morning I found that I had more cream than usual to pour into my little "Declivity" churn. What more natural conclusion from a given fact than the one I cheerfully drew, viz., more cream, more butter? So I filled my white wood box almost up to the lid, and set to work. Sixteen minutes (the usual time) passed—no sign of butter "coming." Half-an-hour; one hour. Cook, nurse, housemaid, all called down to work the handle. Ninety minutes, and the laundry-maid was called in to assist. Two hours, and still no welcome "swish" of buttermilk. At last, more than a quart of cream—smooth as when it left the store-crock—was lifted out, and—hi, presto! the butter "came;" but a butter very unlike the usual firm substance that delighted my eye. Till then I had never realised the vital necessity of air for the operation of churning—I had choked my poor little "Bradford." That butter, besides taking so long to make, did not keep well.

Another time, the butter placed on the breakfast-table was deliciously creamy and sweet; the same spread on our after-dinner roll was uneatable. I had carelessly and half-heartedly squeezed out the buttermilk when making, and the streaky appearance of the butter soon showed what was the fault. That churning was all thrown away.

Again, one day a lardy-looking substance took the place of my usual golden rolls. Too many washings—given in zeal—had done away with much of the oily matter, and spoilt it. Two waters are quite enough.

One month the butter had an increasing "tac" about it. I examined my churn very carefully. No particle of sour cream was lodging in the corners apparently, still the taste was bad. At last, on very close inspection, a tiny rim of white was visible inside the boxwood knot that held the handle. A minute quantity of butter was adhering to the worm of the screw—so small a bit that it was scarcely "visible to the naked eye." Still, it was enough to spoil the whole.

A curious patchwork of salt streaks and fresh bits in one churning showed that the salt had been unevenly manipulated. Another time a smoky taste proclaimed that the churn had been scalded with water boiled in a kettle minus its lid. A drowned fly once ruined a whole crock of cream. A leaf in the boiling water used to scour the pans bequeathed a taste of staleness to five pounds of bright yellow butter.

The result of these mistakes and misfortunes was an increased vigilance in my dairy. Hand, eye, nose, taste, were called more into use than ever.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." It is no saving to dispense with a dairy-maid, and have only bad butter. I think the very length of my articles on dairy-work is parabolical. The story of my *successes* in butter-making took thirteen pages of manuscript. This recital of my mistakes therein is contained in seven! It is almost impossible for an intelligently-trained lady to fail in the dairy. Book-lore in this instance is to be greatly preferred to rule-of-thumb. The whole theory of butter-making can be easily learned. Once learnt, it is as easily carried into practice.

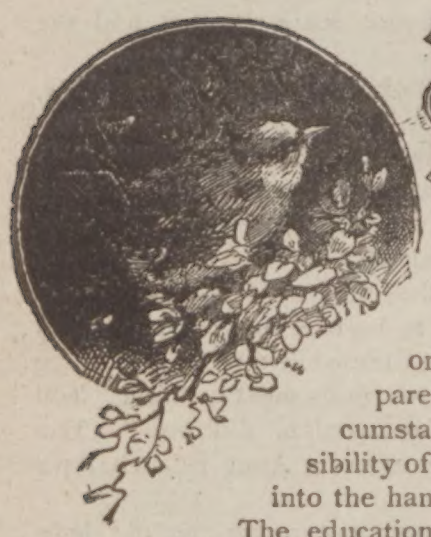
To close with a proverb—slightly altered to suit the case—

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little *strong*,"

might be said anent this most necessary condiment.

I hope this account of my mistakes in the dairy may help others to give their households just the right kind of butter—clean, firm, yellow, fresh, and sweet.

HOME VERSUS SCHOOL TUITION.



IT seems difficult to decide upon the superior advantages of school over home tuition for young children—so much can be urged on both sides of the question. In some cases the teaching of one's children at home seems the only practicable plan, and parents are compelled by circumstances to assume the responsibility of their education, or give them into the hands of a private governess.

The education of children must never be undertaken as a pastime, under the mistaken idea that the earliest lessons of a child are so simple as to entail no labour or mental strain. Though they comprise only the rudiments of reading and writing, they must be carried through without caprice or irregularity. Nothing causes a child to forget or lose interest in the subject he is studying sooner than irregularity: if the possibility of "having no lessons" is constantly anticipated, the studious child will cease to put forward his best efforts, whilst the lazy one will neglect his work on the chance of being undetected. If progress is to be made, no engagements, distractions, or lapses of energy must be allowed to interfere with the fixed hours of tuition.

The most general faults of home teaching are inexactness and slovenliness. Through constant intercourse parents become so entirely in sympathy with their little ones that they are able to "understand what they mean," even when it is but half or incorrectly expressed. They are too ready, in kind though injudicious indulgence, to give the children "the benefit of the doubt" in all moot questions, and pass over slips, omissions, and incorrect definitions, which would at school be promptly seized upon and wholesomely criticised. The motto of all home teachers should be, "Be careful about small things." Go over points again and again until the child is exact and clear, yielding neither to your own nor your pupil's protest against the weariness of such drudgery.

Children form habits, in great measure, from imitation; and partly for this reason those taught at school are, as a rule, more neat and orderly than those taught at home. At school they are influenced by the sight of work well done; there is sure to be in every large class a percentage of pupils whose work will serve as a model to those less clever or less industrious. The stimulus received from such examples does far more than general exhortations to order, neatness, and industry.

The greatest advantage of home teaching is that the pupil's capabilities and special needs can be consulted. In class teaching, the interests of the greatest number must be studied, and as a consequence the especially clever and the extremely dull suffer. When the attention can be given almost entirely to one, progress is more quickly made; the clever boy can be guided and left to work, unhampered by those whose strides are not so rapid, whilst particular care and help may be given to the dull boy, who, however willing, cannot keep pace with those of his own age. Many a child passes through his school life and goes out into the world with a gloomy conviction that he is a terrible dunce, and never could learn, who, with a patient teacher to aid him at especially weak points, might hopefully have acquired a certain amount of useful knowledge.

Caution is required when one's scholars are few, against

paying too much attention to them—being always on the watch to correct, admonish, or deliver pilules of information. One reason why children of great men so seldom do anything worthy of their parentage is, that from their infancy they have been noted and watched to excess, somewhat after the fashion in which seeds are treated by children who sow them: without giving time for growth, the little gardeners are constantly raking them up for signs of germination. For children, as for seeds, a most necessary part of growth lies in being, at intervals, left alone. Nothing is more detrimental to a child's faculty for imagination, his habit of attention and observation, and his powers of memory, than to be expected to be always "on show," or exhibiting signs of intelligence or mental progress.

The chief idea to be kept prominently in view by one who teaches in the home is, that home teaching is always preparatory work—usually preparatory for some large school, sometimes for going straight out into the world, sometimes for taking a place in some other home. Its lessons, then, whether rudimentary or advanced, should inculcate—besides order, neatness, and accuracy—firmness of will, self-reliance, habits of attention and concentration. A celebrated student of human nature once said, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and let who will take the rest." He deeply recognised the fact that it is upon the habits and early lessons gained during the child's babyhood that the whole fabric of his manhood will be built. Such a thought gives encouragement, even if it adds much to the solemn weight of responsibility borne by those who guard and train young children. We are not merely teaching our children "to read and write and sum," to know the why and wherefore of all they see and hear and read, we

"Fashion acts that are to be
When we shall lie in darkness silently."

ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

GRACE GLENISTER.

OW lovely the garden looks to-day! it will seem like a dream in a week or two. How often I shall think of the cool, shady paths, the spreading trees, the shrubbery, and the lily walk, while I am faced by a pile of exercises that must be corrected, or trying to put some notion of music into one of the children's heads! How shall I bear Embling Road after Glen Abbey? How has *mother* borne it all these years? She was brought up here, and life has been far harder for poor mother than for any of us. I could not possibly remain here, knowing how she needs me, now her neuralgic attacks have returned. I am quite strong and well again now, and my place is with mother."

Grace Glenister's meditations are suddenly interrupted by the sound of steps, which change her usually calm expression to one of perturbation; she turns as if contemplating retreat, but she is too late. Bertram Ray, the son of the widow lady whose grounds join those of Glen Abbey, is at her side, looking down at her with fond, eager expectancy.

"Grace, did you get my letter this morning?" he asks, in a low voice, though there are none to hear them save the birds.

"Yes, Mr. Ray; I meant to write to you presently. I thought you had gone to London."

"No, I put off my journey, Grace; I could not bear the suspense. I have Miss Beauchamp's good wishes, you know, my dearest; and mother longs to welcome you as her own child. Let me read my answer in your face, sweetheart."

"It cannot be, really, Mr. Ray. I don't think Aunt Beauchamp told you everything, and I—I have said very little to you about my home. When I first came here I grew half ashamed of it, and *now* I am ashamed of myself for ever having avoided the subject. We are not rich people, like Aunt Beauchamp and her friends."

"You are richer in beauty and in worth than anyone else I know."

"You must not say such things to me," she says, gravely. "Mr. Ray, I have thought—I have done more than that, I have *prayed*—about your letter; I feel I must not think about marriage. My mother is far from well, she gets weaker and weaker, and she needs me at home more than she will let me know. I cannot leave mother and the children again."

He is silent for a moment, looking into her bright, clear, earnest eyes.

"Those matters can be discussed later on," he says; "the pressing question just now is whether you care for me a little or not, my darling."

"That is not the question at all," she says, vexed with herself for the burning blush that answers it to his evident satisfaction. "Bert, help me to be true to what I know is right. I ought not to have an easy life while mother is wearing herself into her grave, to make two ends meet at home. You did not know I was a *working* woman, did you? You have only seen me taking my ease as Aunt Beauchamp's visitor."

"Taking your ease? Did you not nurse the old lady after her bad fall, and are you not like her right hand now, and the comfort and sunshine of all the poor people round about? You have been a worker all the time, my Grace, and what am I but a working-man? If an engineer may not boast of that honourable name, who *may?*"

"Ah, but you are a *great* engineer, and people say yours will be a bright, prosperous future, Mr. Ray. I mean I have been brought up to work hard; we have no servant at home, and I help mother wash and cook and keep the house tidy, and we have a day-school of forty children, so you may fancy what a dreamlike time these months with Aunt Beauchamp have been. Now I must go back; I have quite decided, I told aunt so on Monday evening."

"Your mother was Miss Beauchamp's ward, was she not, dear?" he asks, laying his hand very close to hers, as it rests on the stone pillar at the bottom of the terrace steps.

"Yes, her niece and her ward; but since mother, in her

"How lovely the garden looks!" *p.* 136.

girlhood, refused to marry the husband aunt had chosen for her—some rich old gentleman from India, I believe—and set her heart on a young naval officer, who had very little but his pay, Aunt Beauchamp closed her doors upon her, and forbade anyone to mention her name. Aunt has been more than kind to me, and I believe she gets much gentler now in her old age, but at one time she could not bear contradiction."

"So I have heard, Grace; I was afraid of her myself when I was a little fellow, but I understand her better now. The naval officer was your father, was he not, dear?"

"Oh, yes, and the best father in all the world! He died only six years ago; but he had to leave the navy—he met with an accident that injured his arm, and he was never very strong. The little they had soon went, and the years have been such a struggle for mother! There are five of us, you see, and the boys' appetites get bigger every year, I do believe. I am the eldest, then come three boys, and then little Faith; she is such a darling—the loveliest child you ever saw!"

"Did I not hear that you broke down in health before you came here, sweetheart?" he asks, his hand taking possession of hers, despite resolute strugglings.

"I was not well in London—it was such a hot summer last year—and, to our surprise, a letter came from Aunt Beauchamp asking me here on a visit; she said she needed a companion while feeble from her fall. I refused to come, but mother is so unselfish she insisted on my having the change, saying she could do without me quite well; but the boys write that she is weak and ill, and I told aunt on Monday I should like to get back quickly now."

"Miss Beauchamp told mother last month she hoped to adopt you as her own; I intended otherwise, but did not disturb her fond expectations at the time."

"She offered me a home here," says Grace, quietly; "she has treated me most generously while I have been here, giving me dresses and things as if I belonged to her, and I love her and Glen Abbey too; but while mother has to work so hard, how could I be happy away from her? She has toiled for *us* year by year; surely her children should try to ease her lot as far as they can."

"Then if your mother had a more restful life and were set free from anxiety, Grace, I might keep this hand as my property for ever?"

Grace does not answer for a while; then she gently withdraws her hand, saying, "Your friendship has been a great pleasure to me, and I hope you will be very happy some day with one who can give you a different answer; I intend to be the boys' old-maid sister, and look after them and my precious mother."

"Well," he answers, "before you finally decide to walk this earth 'in maiden meditation, fancy free,' will you come up with me to the house? I have just been with your aunt in the drawing-room, and there is a new picture there you had better see, before you bid me abandon all hope, Grace."

"I don't know what you mean," she says, "but I suppose it *is* time for me to go in; aunt will be wanting me." But when she reaches the French windows, she utters a cry of surprise and rapture, and rushes forward to take into her arms a black-robed figure with beautiful, earnest eyes like her own. "Oh, mother, mother dearest! oh, Aunt Eleanor, is it all a dream—is mother *really* here again? How pale you look, mother! but Glen Abbey will soon make you well again, and I am coming home next week to help you in the school."

"But there *is* no school, Grace," says Mrs. Glenister, her eyes full of tears of thankfulness. "Aunt never told you, but she has written to me several times since you have been here; you have been our peacemaker, my dear one, and your refusal to accept a home of ease while our life was hard was the final act, aunt says, that set her longing to end our estrangement. Aunt sent for us three days ago, Grace, and I closed the school for the holidays, to pass it on later into other hands."

"And Glen Abbey is your mother's home henceforth, Grace," says Miss Beauchamp, as the girl kneels down by her arm-chair. "I cannot go back to loneliness; I must have her and hers—I know very well *you* mean to desert Glen Abbey!"

"Yes, she does," says Bertram Ray, claiming his bride publicly, as the young Glenisters appear at the door, and show signs of monopolising her attention; "but there is no need to fret, she is only going across the garden to Ray Manor. Permit me, Mrs. Glenister, to welcome you to your former home, and to introduce your daughter, with your permission, as your next-door neighbour."

DELICATE HEALTH.

BY MRS. IRWINE WHITTY.

"I SHOULD like to be 'delicate' you know, my dear," said she, in confidence to me, "but with the two of them to see after, I can't manage it."

Dear, good, unselfish little soul! In saying that she could not manage it, she spoke the truth, for she was the most active member of the household trio. Her brother's wife, indeed, was helpless from paralysis, while the brother himself suffered from that most unassailable of all complaints, that stronghold of the valetudinarian, namely, dyspepsia. It is my own private opinion that my friend was in reality more delicate than her brother, but he had outstripped her in the race, and had established a claim to delicacy of health before she found an opportunity of doing so. Then the stroke had come which had rendered her sister-in-law altogether helpless, and had put a final end to any hope she might herself have entertained of claiming the privileges of an invalid. Dear little woman, I can well imagine the misty vision that must now and then have crossed her mental orbit of lying back in the big arm-chair and being allowed to have a "comfortable headache," of tender hands hovering round her, and of dainty dishes cooked for herself such as she was accustomed to prepare for others. Had such dreams ever been indulged in, they would soon have been dispelled by the almost inarticulate voice of her helpless sister-in-law, or by the querulous hope expressed by her brother that the dish which had tried his internal organism on the previous day might not appear again at dinner.

Now, had Providence seen fit to place my dear old friend amid other surroundings, with leisure to be ill, and with kind hands to wait upon her, she would very possibly have given herself up to the luxury of being delicate—nay, more, her physical health might actually have deteriorated; for I have no doubt at all that when we lay ourselves out to make the most of our infirmities, those infirmities develop by degrees a real need

for such attention. For my own part, in spite of the longing to have somebody to think for one, and in spite of the aching limbs that her nursing must have entailed, I consider my old friend more to be envied for being as she was, and for thus leading a life in lowly imitation of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

How many do we come across in life in one or other of these two cases—that is, those who would be the better for lying up, and those who have far too much lying up for their body's good! We remember how the disciples were "astonished out of measure" when their Master discoursed of the difficulty experienced by a rich man in entering the Kingdom of Heaven. What is here meant, I think, is, not that riches are in themselves evil—for we know what an immense power for good they can be in the world—but that their *tendency* is to clog the wheels of the machinery which keeps us going, and to attach to our spirits weights which will impede their rising to a purer atmosphere.

Foremost among these weights comes the possibility of indulging in "delicate health." We will imagine someone comfortably off—that is, with enough to keep her from working, and to provide her with one or two servants to wait upon her. She has some slight illness, and as there is no very particular reason for getting well in a hurry, all the little privileges of invalidism are kept up for a longer period than need be. By-and-by it becomes a regular habit to continue that afternoon nap which was an undoubted necessity in the early days of convalescence, or the daily walk is perhaps not resumed. The more this sort of thing is indulged in, the less able do her bodily powers become to bear any exertion, and the more liable is she to set up self as an object of worship. Eventually, perhaps, a state of chronic invalidism is attained, and she who might have borne her part so bravely in the battle of life, who might with the means entrusted to her have been a "succourer of many," sinks into an existence which is of interest only to those who derive their livelihood from her.

Now, all this might have been avoided, had the exigencies of life summoned the invalid from the sick-bed to wait upon a possibly exacting husband, plus two or three young children; or, failing that, had the invalid herself been so full of the multifarious interests of this life as to wait for nothing but the doctor's permission to be again up and doing.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that in spite of all the agencies for good already existing, there still remains such a quantity of work to be done in this world that those who are ready for work will find it always at hand.

This I think it is which explains the fact that if you want real work done, it is the busy people you must ask to do it; or, in other words, so much work is there to be done that those who are the working bees and not the drones of this huge bee-hive of ours will have their hands already filled.

The question of delicate health, then, reduces itself to this: Is it a cross which God has laid upon us, or is it one which we are busy making for ourselves? If the former, then in His name let us take it up bravely, trusting to the help which He has promised us in bearing it; if the latter, then let us, also in God's name, set ourselves to demolish it, knowing that there are enough real crosses to bear in this world without our constructing more.

The way to demolish a cross of this kind is to try, bravely and patiently each day, how much rather than how little we can do, and with the demand will come the strength to work. Of course, this side of the question mostly concerns those without home duties depending on them; for, of course, no wife and mother, if she be in any way worthy of the name, will lie in bed a day longer than is necessary, knowing that her presence is needed by husband and children below-stairs.

When these compulsory aids to recovery are wanting, then it is that the necessity comes in for an interest in life strong enough to overcome the dictates of self-indulgence. As has been before hinted, such interests are within the reach of all.

But, then, there are those to whom an acknowledged delicacy of health, if only it could be indulged in, would be an untold boon. "You do not know," said a dearly-loved friend once to me—one who passed away from earth a few months later—"how thankful I shall be when I get altogether too bad for coming downstairs and getting about." The world is full of such, and well would it be for both classes if those who have time—perhaps too much time—to spare to be ill would share their manifold comforts with those who so sorely need them. How many a dainty dish which the well-to-do invalid turns from, perhaps in distaste, would come as a veritable blessing to the delicate mother who, fresh from her sick-bed, has to mind her seven children, keep the house clean, do for her husband, and get well all at the same time, sharing the while the necessarily coarse food which is acceptable enough to stronger palates!

The right state of the case lies, as usual, between two extremes. Let those who would really be the better for lying up be helped by those around them, and particularly by their richer sisters, to lie up; and let those to whom "delicate health" is by no means a necessity, strive earnestly, prayerfully, diligently against this form of self-worship, which may, if persisted in, obtrude itself between them and their God, and shut out the light of His presence from them.

MOTHER.

BY B. M'CALL-BARBOUR.

MOTHER! What a beautiful name! It is the sweetest word in our language. None other is so filled with affection and pathetic power as this sweet-sounding name of mother. It is amongst the first words which find their way into our infant ears, and the first sounds our lisping infant lips give forth are the broken accents of our efforts to say it.

When we are old in years its marvellous power will wake the memory of long-forgotten days, and carry us from age back into the happy time of childhood. How often has its influence prevailed with the wayward and wilful boy, to bring him "to himself," in tears of penitence and shame!

Time after time the simple saying of the word has been the guiding sound, the keeping power of many a fair young heart when temptation would have led astray from the ways of purity and truth.

What a holy privilege is theirs who bear this sacred name! How much they need the heaven-given grace to bear it nobly!

When such is the great influence of a mother's name, it surely is worth every effort of her being to associate with it all that is lovely, pure, and good, and to strive with all her

might to maintain its power, so that time shall never tarnish its beauty nor age make its power to fail.

Who can estimate the glory of a good mother's name to her children! It will go with them into the centre of the city, with its thousand temptations, and be to them a rock of strength, a refuge from the spoiler's snares. Her little lads at school will be saved from many a mean and cowardly act, because "*Mother* would not like it." Her big sons will not dare to enter where vice lurks or sin entices, for very reverence to her name. Her daughters will admire and follow in her steps. The angel of her presence shall enwrap her children round at night, as though her gentle arm embraced them, and her sweet, watchful smile lay on them in their sleep. The thought of "mother" will be an inspiration to "high thinking and pure living," for "Would mother like it?" is a long way on the road to the holier reverence and higher service, "Will it please God?"

Yes, mothers, it is an aim well worth a whole lifetime of toil and struggle, to bear before your children such a character that the very memory of it shall be to them a strength in their sore temptations, a refuge amid the dangers of this world's sin.

The world wonders how some men endure and conquer in the strife. We think, "I had a good mother," would explain much of the mystery if these strong men spoke. Multitudes of men, grown grey in the service of God, to-day look back on life, and point to her at whose knee they first learned to lisp their infant prayers, her whom they called mother, as the power which has encircled them through life and kept their feet within the "narrow way." A thousand things of seeming more importance have faded from their memories and are beyond recall, but the influence of "mother" lingers still. Their hair is grey, but their heart's affection for her still is young; their grasp is feeble, but they still retain within their palm the pressure of her guiding hand; their ears but dimly catch earth's sounds, but still they hear *her* voice, clear as in the morning of life, when it spoke its wise words of warning, of encouragement, and of praise. Perhaps the grave has long since covered her, and her memory by the most of folks is lost; but there is no grave for a good mother in the hearts of her children—there is no forgetting her holy, everlasting influence.

It is with admiration we think of the blessed labours of the Wesleys. What they have done for the good of our own country and the salvation of the world is inestimable, yet the source of all this influence, humanly speaking, took its rise from the pious upbringing of a godly mother. Susanna Wesley is but little heard of in history. Her days were spent in attending to the countless and endless little cares and big wants of her household. But she left her influence upon her God-fearing and world-famous sons, who gave to her the honour, under God, of making them the men they were.

We are not without such mothers in our land to-day—toilers in motherly ways, whose worship of God is given in the never-ceasing care over the little souls He has entrusted to them. By precept and example they strive to bear before their children a consistent Christian character. We thank God for such mothers, who, by their patient and persevering example, are so training their children in reverence for their name. Theirs is a spirit far more heroic than that of those who fight our nation's battles, and by their deeds of prowess add empires to our kingdom's wealth.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,
'Twas fought by the *mothers* of men.
No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam or wave!
But, oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave."

It is to such mothers we would say a word of cheer. It is needed much. It may be that your labours are lost to sight of the common crowd of men; they are not unseen by God. You are rearing the men and women who shall make the world, and your gentle life, your kindness, and your love will be a memory of strength to them in their struggle to maintain the right and walk worthy of the high and holy aim you set before them.

Hard may be the lot, wearisome may be the incessant toiling of the mother whose highest, grandest pleasure is to train her children up for God; but it shall not be wearisome for ever—

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn."

And with the dawning in that world of rest and unweariness, there will surely come her children and their children, and their children's children, to rise up and call her blessed—to be to her a reward of eternal and unbounded joy.

IN DUTY BOUND.

BY JENNIE PERRETT.

"It is no use asking me, Frances, I really cannot go."

"Why?"

"I cannot leave Hilda."

"Nonsense, you are not the child's nurse."

"No, I am her mother—that is to say, I have to take as well as I can the place of the mother she scarcely knew."

"Well, I think it is absurd. The child has managed to get along remarkably well without any mother at all for six years——"

"My husband's sister took care of her until she died, just a month before my marriage; you forget that, Frances."

"I don't think she was a slave to the child, as you seem inclined to be."

"I am not a slave, I am in duty bound to care for her. The love I have for my husband would——"

The door opened, and a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maiden entered the room and looked round.

"Ah! you here, mamma," she said, as she caught sight of Mrs. Alleyne. "You promised to go for a long walk with me; do you think you can go to-day?"

"Not to-day, dear," was the reply.

"To-morrow, then."

"I cannot say. I think I shall be engaged all day to-morrow. Run away now, love. You can go down to the beach with nurse."

Obediently the child went away, but the blue eyes filled

with tears, and the rosy lips quivered. She hastened upstairs to her nursery, and took her favourite doll out of her toy-cupboard.

"I don't know what I'm to do, Rose," she said. "Dear Aunt Edith, who was always so kind, has gone away to heaven, and papa's gone across the sea in a ship, and won't be home for a whole long month, and—and—my new, pretty mamma never has time to go out with me now. She has not been once this week, not since Miss Wentworth came to stay with her."

"You can't expect your mamma to leave her visitors to run about with you, Miss Hilda," said the child's nurse, as she overheard the last remark. "In the place where I lived last the children only saw their mamma once a day. You have been spoiled being with your auntie so much; you'll have to get over that."

"I'm sure my mamma would want to see me more than once a day," said loyal little Hilda; "you have been here such a short time, you don't know my dear, pretty mamma yet, nurse."

This was the case, and at that very moment Mrs. Alleyne was telling her visitor that one reason why she must absolutely decline to accept an invitation to spend the next week with her at the house of a mutual friend was because she could not leave Hilda with a comparative stranger.

"I am not very favourably impressed with the woman," she said. "I should be uneasy if I left Hilda entirely in her charge, so let us consider the matter settled."

An hour later, Miss Wentworth having declined to accompany her for a walk or drive, Mrs. Alleyne went down to the beach, thinking she might find Hilda and her nurse there.

"I wish I had promised the child an hour or two tomorrow," she said, "she looked so disappointed when she went away. However, Frances will soon be leaving, then I shall be quite free to look after her again. Altogether, my friend's visit has not been as pleasant as I hoped it would be."

It certainly had not. Her former school-fellow and friend, a clever woman who, according to far-seeing people, had educated her head at the expense of her heart, found it difficult to reconcile herself to Doris Alleyne's new position of wife and mother, and complained loudly about her conscientious attention to her home duties.

"Why should a bright woman like you become a mere housekeeper, a child's companion, a nursery governess, a domestic drudge?" she had exclaimed, indignantly. "It makes me wild, Doris."

Mrs. Alleyne smiled as she recalled her friend's hasty words; then suddenly the colour faded from her face, and a fit of trembling seized her.

There, near to where she was standing, she caught sight of a little brooch of coloured pebbles she had given to Hilda only the day before.

"She caught sight of a little brooch."

"It will do for Rose to wear when you want her to be very grand," she had said merrily, and Hilda had thrown her arms round her and thanked her, and a few minutes later had brought Miss Rose, arrayed in all her finery, for her to see and admire.

Still trembling, Mrs. Alleyne stooped down and picked up the brooch, her heart filled with sad forebodings.

"Can anything have happened to the child?" she said. "Has she been playing here and——"

She could not finish the sentence. She thought of the new nurse, and her want of perfect confidence in her. Then she thought of her husband, who had hurriedly started off to America on business, leaving his only child "So safe, so very safe in her care," he had said. She remembered her home-coming as a bride three months ago—how Hilda had welcomed her, and, kissing her lovingly, had told her that she was "so glad she had come to stay with her, and be her own dear mamma." As persons who have been saved from drowning have been heard to say that as the waters passed over them they have beheld, as in a dream, scene after scene of their past lives, so in the few moments that Mrs. Alleyne stood motionless at the foot of the cliff she found that memory recalled rapidly act after act, and word after word of little Hilda's to her mind.

"This will never do," she said, rousing herself with a mighty effort. "I must go at once and make inquiries; I must ascertain if anyone has seen Hilda and her nurse on the beach. They may have gone from here to the other side of the cliff. I must go now, without any delay."

As she spoke, she commenced at once to climb a steep path that led to the summit of the cliff. There was an easier path than the one she had chosen, but it was much longer, and every moment was of supreme importance now. Onwards she hastened, not pausing for a moment until she reached the road at the top of the cliff. There, seated on a camp-stool, calmly surveying the scene around her, she found her visitor.

"Doris," exclaimed that young lady, "are you indeed the Excelsior whose upward movements I have been admiring? I did not recognise you until now, I never thought of finding you here. I imagined you were busy at home on housewifely cares intent, or penning one of those long epistles to your beloved husband. What in the world do you find to write about? Here in this quiet, out-of-the-way spot, where nothing ever happens, what can you find to say? And—but, what is the matter, dear? Are you ill? Have you walked too quickly up that steep path? Sit down and rest at once. Don't try to walk another step."

Mrs. Alleyne shook her head.

"Don't ask me to rest," she said, "I am on my way home to find where Hilda and her nurse have gone. You have not seen them, have you?"

"No, dear, but they are all right somewhere or other. Oh, Doris, don't worry about the child. I declare you are as bad as an old hen with one chicken. Hilda is safe enough, rest assured. Why, look, there she is!"

"Where?"

"Running along the road, just at that corner. I can see her blue sun-bonnet. Look, she has caught sight of us, and is flying along like a whirlwind. Now then, what is the matter with the child?"

Flushed, panting, almost breathless, Hilda rushed to her step-mother, and lifting a tear-stained face to her, sobbed out her pitiful story.

"Mamma dear, I've lost the pretty pebble brooch! I brought it out to show to Carrie Bell, and I'm sure, oh! I'm quite sure I dropped it down on the beach, but nurse wouldn't let me stay to look for it. And the tide will be coming in this afternoon, and will take my dear little——"

"Here is your brooch, darling," said Mrs. Alleyne, placing it in her hand as she spoke; "I found it just now on the beach." Then, wisely refraining from mentioning her own anxiety to the excited child, she told her to walk home with her nurse and wait for her in the garden.

To her friend she told the story of her fear and sorrow.

"It was all over in a few minutes," she said, "but in that brief space of time I realised all that the child is to me. I told you I was in duty bound to care for her; but it is no question of duty, I love her dearly for her own sweet sake, and, God helping me, little Hilda shall never seek in vain a mother's tenderness and care."

THE KEY-NOTE OF THE DAY.

In most households the key-note of the day is sounded at the breakfast-table. The mother's morning mood makes the melody or the discord for the children and their father. If the mother wear a cheerful aspect, her face not frowning, but placid, the tones of her voice low and even, the atmosphere she diffuses that of tranquillity, then the complex affairs of the day begin to move smoothly in her home. It is wonderful to see how quickly children and servants feel the atmosphere of mother and mistress. She may not have said a word by way of reproof; she may have carefully repressed every sign of irritation and impatience; yet, if her spirit is perturbed, there is a subtle sense of trouble ahead, something like thunder in the air, of which we are conscious now and then, though the skies are blue and the sunlight is warm.

More than anyone else in the home the mother needs to feel constantly happy, and if not contented with her environment, to live above its superficial annoyances and agitations. It is important that the father going to the counting-house or the shop should set forth upon his day's work with that sort of preparation which comes from the assurance that he leaves everything pleasant and as it should be at home. The children going to school will do very much better in their class work if mother has sent them off with a kiss and a smile; and as for Bridget, the drudgery of her office will be far less monotonous as she washes dishes, prepares vegetables, polishes the stove, and does the hundred and one things that are to be done over and over every day, if she knows that above-stairs her employer, equally busy, is going about her work in a cheerful spirit.

Everything depends on the mother's usual attitude toward care. If she accept it heartily and gladly as God's gift to her, the care will not burden her so much as a feather's weight, and if she feel it, it will be as the ship feels ballast, making it ride more safely. But the mother

rebelling against the restraints and restrictions of her lot, chafing against the pressure of duty, regarding the children as encumbrances, and losing all the sweetness of her life's cup because of an occasional bitterness, will not succeed in making life harmonious. No home-maker she, no presiding genius of peace and joy! She is herself a discord, and all the notes she strikes will jar. By-and-by, when perhaps it is too late, she will waken to the fact that she has lost the loveliest part of her life; she will see about her clouded faces instead of sunny ones; find her boys and girls dissatisfied instead of contented, and wish in vain that the music of her day had been keyed to a nobler pitch.

A MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY.

A MOTHER who always sends a servant to put the children to bed, or allows them to go upstairs alone, loses a rare opportunity for learning their true characters. In the subdued light, after the prayer has been said and the little lads and lassies are tucked into bed, the mother will find them in a mood for confidences. It is easy for them then to make confessions of naughtiness, or to tell of their small victories over a bad habit. This begets confidence between parent and child, and strengthens the little ones in future efforts to do right.

The errors which have been learned by contact with other children can be corrected more easily at this bedtime hour than in the restlessness of daylight, when it is more difficult to hold a child's attention. The mother, too, often sees the relation of things more clearly. Perhaps she finds that she herself has not been without fault in the governing of her children. By mutual explanations and apologies, if need be, everything can be made right, and a new day may be begun with a better understanding of each other. Let her not hesitate to apologise if she has been hasty or unjust. There is no danger of lowering herself in the eyes of her children by such a course of action, and she will find them more ready to ask forgiveness when occasion requires.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE CARDINAL'S NOSE.

AMONG the most sumptuous monuments in Winchester Cathedral is the chantry of Cardinal Beaufort, who died several centuries ago. In the middle of the chantry there lies on an altar tomb the recumbent figure of the renowned prelate. A few years ago the Prince of Wales, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, came to see the cathedral, and was shown over the building by Dean Kitchin. The first question the Prince asked was, "Have you Cardinal Beaufort's tomb here?" The Dean was surprised at the eagerness the Prince showed to see it, and was amused when, on reaching the chantry, the Prince immediately entered, and, stretching up to get a good view of the features of the deceased prelate, he exclaimed, "There, it's quite true, he *has* the family nose." And then calling one of his suite, who turned out to be a member of the Beaufort family, he exclaimed, "See, he has your nose to a tee."

Thus will some physical peculiarity be found descending from parents to children through many generations. And what is true of our bodily peculiarities is true also of our conduct, our disposition, and our character. It matters but little, after all, what form of features our children inherit from us; but it matters a great deal what disposition, temper, and inclinations they inherit, and disposition and character are even more conspicuously hereditary than features. How sad it is to see one after another of a large family sicken and die of consumption, and the succeeding generations likewise enfeebled and suffering; but how much sadder to see child after child falling into the same evil courses, rendered useless or unhappy by indulgence of the same evil propensity! This visiting of the iniquity of the fathers on the children unto the third and fourth generation is a terrible fact. But we should not simply stand aghast at its awfulness. Even in regard to physical infirmities precautions can be taken. In moral and spiritual matters we are still less helpless. We either increase by indulgence or we diminish by repression the evil tendencies which we have ourselves inherited. How terrible by our own follies, indulgences, and godlessness to hand on to our children and our children's children a vitiated disposition! And if, having ourselves inherited it, we cannot altogether change it, yet how blessed to so repress the evil and weaken the tendency by long disuse, that we may hand it on modified and less potent! This is a worthy fruit of patient self-discipline in early life; and, in addition, knowing that our besetting sins are likely to appear in our children, we can so regulate our training of them as not to afford the evil seeds which we know lie dormant in them a congenial soil in which to grow.

NAMING THE BABY.

IN some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby. A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child. In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby. The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child. The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards to be called. The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name. The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four, and so on, according to their birth. Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are, that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply, "Only one child." German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it be ill; and the Japanese are said to change the names of their children four times.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

It is not often that we find anything to talk of or illustrate that would be of use for gentlemen's wear, though we have sometimes wondered how it would be to devote one number to gentlemen's clothing. Not that we are so ambitious as to think of making suits for the "lords of creation," or of advising our readers to do so; but we might give some advice about cutting out and making different kinds of shirts, under-vests, pants, and the like, and we might even aspire to a tennis-jacket. However, we will think of that for a future time, and just now have a word to say about dressing-gowns. Some of our readers will be asking, "Is there any good in providing a gentleman with a dressing-gown?" Well, if not actually a necessity, it may be a great comfort. In sickness and after a bath it is indispensable; when it is necessary to get up in a hurry, it may prevent cold being taken; on returning home from business, weary with the day's labour, many gentlemen feel more free to lounge about in a dressing-gown. What of all this? someone will be saying. Well, just this: Next time you are looking about for a suitable present for the husband or brother, just make him a dressing-gown, and see what comfort and pleasure he will find in wearing it.

Fig. 34.

Fig. 34. The model for our illustration is made in grey felt cloth, of rather a loose texture, such as is usually sold for the purpose. It took three and a half yards of this double-width material, but if the gown is for a tall or stout gentleman, of course more stuff will be required. Some dressing-gowns are lined throughout with a coloured quilted silk or satin, but a plain lining will do as well if there is a fancy to use one at all. Our model was not lined: the wrong side of the cloth being woolly, we did not think it necessary. The back is in one piece; indeed, there are no seams except those down the sides and on the shoulders. In fitting, be sure to have the gown roomy, especially in the sleeve; it is so much nicer to be able to slip it on easily. The edges of the gown are trimmed with a red cord, as are also the sleeves, pockets, and turned-down collar. Get a close cord of good quality; the cheaper ones soon wear out. The girdle round the waist is the same colour as the cord. Large bone buttons are used.

Fig. 35.

Fig. 35 was drawn from a model which was made for a little girl of seven, though our illustration looks large enough for a full-sized lady's dressing-gown. However, the design will do equally well for mother or daughter, and the pattern can be obtained in three sizes.

There are some very nice patterns shown in a thick make of flannelette, suitable for dressing-gowns. They are very inexpensive, and most of the colours will wash well. If woollen material be used, dressing-gown flannel is best. Three yards and a half made the gown for a little girl of seven. The pointed waistband passes under the double box-pleat at the back, and buttons in front. The sleeve is laid in pleats at the back of the wrist, and the neck is finished with a turned-down collar.

Fig. 36.

Fig. 36 shows a little girl's dress, made with one of the new double skirts. In this case myrtle-green velveteen was the material used, with cashmere of a lighter shade. Narrow rows of velvet are put on to this in scollops. A plain coat-sleeve is used, which has an epaulet of the cashmere, and the waist is drawn in with a Swiss belt. The dress takes four yards of velveteen, and one and a quarter of cashmere.

Fig. 37 shows a pattern for a boy's Inverness cape. For school wear, when the colder weather comes on, an Inverness cape has many advantages over an overcoat. The pattern takes one and a half to two and a half yards of double-width cloth. In writing for pattern, please state the age it is required for.

Flat patterns can be supplied of any of the articles described this month, 6½d. each, post free. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

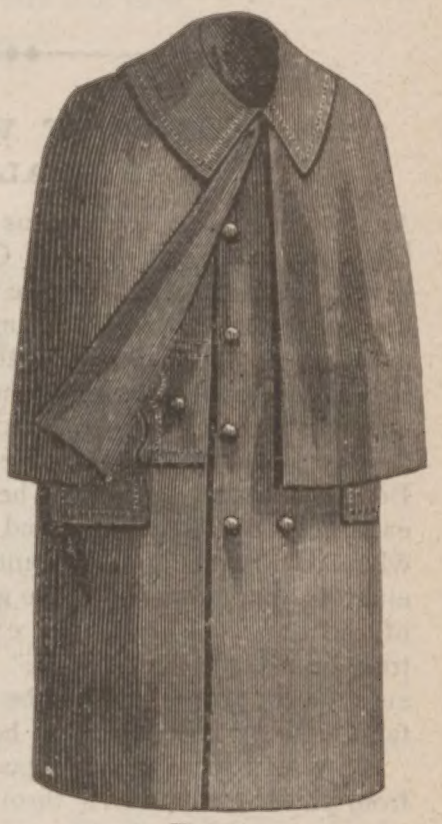


Fig. 37.